



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE

MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

(Continued.)

"YOU can have no difficulty in guessing what this resolution was, as my friend came back to us. He acquainted me with some of the motives by which he was actuated, when he had finished his narrative. "Shall I," said he, "of my own accord, desert the second, as I was obliged, against my will, to forsake the first? Shall I desert this Theresa, if she can resolve to be mine!"

"Such a resolution," interrupted I, with vehemence, "she can never form!"

"Theresa," said he, "hear me out. I have thoroughly examined my heart. It is love that I still feel for Frederica, but not such love as I must of necessity feel, if Frederica was to be made happy through me. It is you, you that I must have for my wife, and not her. She, too,—depend upon it, for I know her well—she too will

soon learn to do without me, if she can but convince herself that it is not contempt which has withdrawn me from her; and this conviction she will obtain as soon as she reflects a little more calmly on the subject. Believe me, I know her; she will keep her word, be it yes or no. She is proud enough to reject me with obstinacy, if I were even desirous of sacrificing you to her. At any rate, therefore, she is no longer destined for me, and does not stand in the way of my love to you. But I stand in my own way, and live only for you, Theresa; for without you, life would be intolerable. You alone can reconcile me with myself, and with my father. If you repulse me, I shall abhor my existence, and shall make my exit from life by the first outlet that presents itself. With you I am confident that I shall be able to pacify Frederica; she will be your friend when she learns to know you, and forgive me for your sake. Ah, Theresa! if you would do something to merit heaven accept my hand."

"He laid his open hand upon my lap, and looked in my face with a countenance, from which I was

obliged to turn away, lest I should forget myself and all the world. I trembled as if ordered to prepare for instant death. I knew what reply I ought to have made, but my lips could not give utterance. Love, compassion, anger, surprise, followed each other with such rapidity in my heart, as to produce an uproar of contending sensations. I rose, quite dizzy, and my friend remained sitting, motionless as a statue, when his hand fell from my knee.

"Come," said I, "and conduct me home; you see that I am scarcely able to stand, and cannot give you an answer now?"

"He rose, and with faltering steps advanced to me. Again he offered me his hand. "You cannot give me an answer?" said he, "and can you be so cruel as to let this hand fall again? save me, Theresa, before we part."

"We shall not part to-day," said I, "and now give me your hand not to act till you have heard all I have to say, in the same manner as I have listened to your story."

"I grasped his hand, took him by the arm, and, exhausted as I was, rather drew him along with me, than was conducted by him. My silence seemed to inspire him with hope; I allowed him to indulge this hope, little as I was inclined to fulfil it; and it was not till I was alone in my room, that I was aware of the distance of the

leap which I was now obliged to venture, either to the one side or the other.

"Could I, whom my friend once nominated the more worthy, could I do less than the deserted Frederica, who gave way for me? Can I, said I to myself, can I behold an innocent sacrifice bleeding on the altar of my happiness? The happiness which I want, my friend should not only confer, but he should confer it with a willing and an innocent heart. But can I accept the gift of a wounded conscience? If my society takes off the acuteness of his feelings, ought that to satisfy me? And how long would this insensibility continue? He would soon awake; he would start from himself with horror; he would endeavour to conceal his sensations from me, and for this very reason he would be still more miserable. The sweetest enjoyment which I anticipated from a connexion with him, the consciousness of the most intimate union of hearts, and the most unlimited confidence, would be irretrievably lost. He, to whom I was attached, could no longer make me happy.

"Amid these reflexions, burning tears trickled down my cheeks. The conviction that I too could no longer make him happy, did not give me half so much pain.

"I now began to consider the other side of the subject. What was to become of me, if I renoun-

ced my friend, was my least concern; but what was to become of him?

"Here all my thoughts were at a stand. I could not doubt his being capable of executing his threat against himself. His philosophy allowed him the right of taking away his life; we had often disputed on the subject. And if through my hesitation I should be the cause of his death—the very idea was enough to chill me with horror.

"I reflected again; but was totally at a loss what to do. All at once the maxim of the great King of Prussia came into my mind, and I exclaimed to myself—"To gain time, is to gain every thing." I was filled with unusual resolution, and felt myself encouraged to take the threads of fate into my own hands.

"Incapable of immediately devising a method of setting my friend at ease, I seated myself beside him at supper, with as much confidence as though I had discovered one. He paid great attention to all that I said or did. Unperceived, I pressed his hand; and as soon as we rose from table, I retired in haste to my room. I was too much exhausted to dissemble any longer, and by tears I was obliged to procure myself relief. Unable to close my eyes, I ruminated all night on the steps I ought to take, and at length resolved to write to Frederica. For

the execution of this design, more time still was necessary.

"Next morning I invited my friend to take a turn with me in the garden. Every opportunity was afforded us of being alone together, because it was conjectured that we had quarrelled, and were desirous of effecting a reconciliation. I told him that his serious proposal could have come unexpectedly, even if he had offered me a heart that was perfectly free; still less could I give him immediately a decisive answer, in the present situation of things: that he should give me time for consideration, which the most rigid fathers were not accustomed to refuse their refractory children; that to love a man and to have no objection to marry him, were not in my opinion one and the same thing, as most females were disposed to believe; that I, at least, could not make up my mind to marry any man who should not find through me that happiness which he sought and required.

"This address produced on his side protestations and asseverations which did not surprise me. I did not contradict him; but I took advantage of the opportunity, to demand a convincing proof of his love; and this way, that he should spend at least a month with us without pressing me for a final answer. It was not without much difficulty that I prevailed on him to agree to these terms. Having

settled this point, I made farther enquiry respecting the family of Frederica, and learned what I wanted to know. Not with a light heart, but with the appearance of unanimity, we rejoined the company.

"I shall not detain you with the particulars of my plan, the object of which was nothing less than to re-unite my friend with his Frederica. By a correspondence which commenced with her, I became acquainted with one of the few whom I love in the strictest sense as my equal. I was flattered to think that even such a person would be obliged to give the precedency to me, if my friend should follow his own inclination; I persuaded myself, because I knew his attachment to all that was good and fair, that nothing could have induced him to forsake such a female, but a passion which raised my image to a higher place in his imagination, than it deserved to hold. The value of the sacrifice which he made for my sake, was a precious proof of his love: This proof came very seasonably to raise my spirits; but I found myself imperiously called upon to make amends for an injustice which my friend had committed for my sake, so that there was no merit in the execution of my design. If I accepted my friend's hand, I should by so doing, have degraded myself in his eyes from the eminence on which he had placed me above another, whom

he abandoned only because he had raised me so high. I was therefore obliged to renounce him, because he would be obliged to renounce me as soon as I should be his. All these motives for the resolution I had taken, I explained to Frederica. My friend never suspected that his forsaken mistress and I were disputing which of the two should relinquish her claim to the other. This dispute terminated in a contract which I proposed. We agreed, in order to punish him for his injustice to us both, to make him be content as a bachelor, with our friendship; but if one of us should die before her thirtieth year, he should engage to offer his hand to the survivor, who should accept it without hesitation.

"When our treaty was concluded, I submitted it to my friend, together with the whole correspondence which had occasioned it. He stood as if petrified; I was obliged to read to him the papers relating to this subject, for he could not of himself collect the drift of it from the letters. As soon as he had collected himself, he inundated me with such a torrent of eloquence, as I should have been unable to check, had I attempted to oppose my conclusions to his; but I left his objections unanswered, and appealed to my feelings. I told him that if he refused to enter into the proposed agreement, and would not solemnly promise to comply with the

terms prescribed in it, all the respect which I felt for him would be irretrievably lost. I had no occasion to adduce any arguments to prove that I should cease to love him, whenever I ceased to respect him. He again sought excuses, but I refused to listen to any. At length he begged time to consider, and I gave him three days; at the expiration of these three days, which, with all their pangs, were some of the most delicious of my life, we renewed our dispute, each urging the old arguments over again. He absolutely refused to comply. I immediately assumed a different tone with him; as much cordiality, and warmth of affection I had shewn for him in these last three days, with as much coldness, and perhaps contempt, did I now dismiss him. I was not afraid that in this state he would lay violent hands on himself. Before twelve hours had elapsed, he returned like a penitent, perfectly resigned to do whatever I should think fit to enjoin. I obliged him to take an oath to fulfil the conditions of our agreement.

"So far I had dexterously and successfully accomplished my business. My friend and Frederica, to whom I could now give the same appellation, imagined that it was complicated; but what a bungling job would it then have been! a mere tissue of illusions, which would have dropped to pieces of itself. How could my

friend, if he actually felt for me something more than the attachment of friendship, continue to see me so often, and keep his word? And what should I have gained, had Frederica, whose respect I would not have forfeited upon any account, beheld in me a capitulating rival. Besides, could I calculate upon the death of a friend, as the period of the fulfilment of my secret wishes?—Once more I repeated to myself that my friend never could be my husband, and hastened to complete the work I had begun.

[To be concluded next week.]

MUSIC.

(Continued.)

CONCERNING the important question, whether it is better to learn to sing in the Italian language than in the English? we observe: first, that a person ought to understand what he sings, as otherwise the soul of the expression would be lost; and secondly, that although the Italian language is much better to sing than the English, the latter is not so bad for singing as some foreigners would make it out, who are not sufficiently acquainted with it. It is therefore certain, that if a person is to sing Italian, he ought to understand not only the general sense, but also every sentiment and word of what he sings; or else he may

as well, and much better sing *a*, to the whole, as in his first exercise. How little this is in general attended to, every musical observer will know from experience.

But most frequently the Italian language runs away with the honour that is due to the Italian composition only. For that good Italian compositions hitherto have been in a style much more calculated for singing than the compositions of other nations, cannot be disputed. If, therefore, English lyric poets would so carefully attend to a melodious flow of their words, as Metastasio has done in Italian, and such texts were properly adapted to Italian pieces, they would be to the ear as good as songs with Italian words; and to the feeling they would be far superior to most Italian songs. For the latter, when not understood, are nothing but singing without a sense; and when understood, they are too frequently nonsense, as every person that understands Italian will know.

From the above it also follows, that if English vocal composers would study the Italian *cantabile*, like a Purcell among the ancients, and a Jackson of Exeter, Shield, and Webb, among the moderns, and abandon the tumbling of one large or awkward interval over another; and set such melodies to equally melodious words, they could not fail producing as good and better pieces for singing, as most Italians.

Why should, therefore, English not be good to sing for those who know no Italian? And why should the pre-eminence in singing be, as it were, claimed by one nation exclusively? When, besides, many other distinguished performers of England, there is a Billington, and a Braham, as singers, and but lately lost a Small, as teacher of singing, that cannot be exceeded by any person hitherto known!

Having just mentioned Mr. Small, it will not be improper to relate the curious manner in which he used to get rid of mice, when he was disturbed by them, viz. by sending for a drummer, and letting him drum an hour or two in his apartments; which, he said, always completed the cure for some months.

N. B. How immusical these little animals must be, when the rational world think drumming, clashing, tinkling, and jingling, some of the finest sorts of modern music!

[To be continued.]

PATTY CLOVER.

A NORTH-EASTERN TALE.

YE maidens who sit down by the side of fountains, and listen in voluptuous languor to the *soft concert* of the musical inhabitants of the lake, while your sighs respond to the whisperings of the bending willow—who expect that new

gowns will perrennially retain their primitive gloss—and that the lamb that wandered from the fold in the evening, will return on the morrow, unshorn of his fleece—Chiefly ye who receive the shepherd's oath as infrangible—and harken to the tale of love, as unto the voice of truth, while you roam abroad after nightfall with your Strephons, gazing upon the tedded grass as upon the resting place of innocence and the bed of security—listen to the story of Patty Clover.

Patty was the fourth daughter of the surley Jonathan Clover—in whose well ploughed fields the snake-weed was not permitted to grow, nor the obnoxious thetch to raise up its head, and whose spacious grounds held tributary the branching Nonesuch—while full in ken the blue mists rested over the surge of the Atlantic. According to the custom that had descended from age to age among the toilsome race of the Clovers, Patty was early taught to press the swelling udder—receive the milky store in the rural piggin—castigate the coagulated fluid in the churn—disseminate the nutritious grain among the cackling tenants of the barn-yard—deracinate the unprofitable weed from the wholesome potatoe—lure to her arms the erratic lambkin—and cut with tender hand the throat of youngling calf. Who that ever beheld Patty Clover dispread the leaden death among the thievi sh hawks,

but would have said, while in admiration he lifted his eye coeval with the top of tallest pine—"fore George, a pretty shot!"—Accomplishments like these fired the youthful swains—irresistable shone the conscious Patty at the village church—and many a maiden bit her ruby lips with envy at the rubier lips of Patty. The burnished kerchief pin that glistened on the spacious breast of Patty was the donation of the brawny Simon Crowfoot, the favoured of her love. Glum were the many eyes that lowered upon the happy Simon, when first his well known gift, in shape of sun, rose in all the lacquered effulgence of treble gilt upon the youthful breast of Patty—for Patty had just celebrated her sixteenth anniversary in all the splendor of rural entertainment, and the village parson had already received the particular looks of Simon—he looked upon his two dollars as safe as in his own purse—and reported immediately that Simon Crowfoot was shortly to enter the holy wedded state.—Immediately? demanded the wife of his bosom.—Yes, said the parson.—The Fates said no.

Let no man say unto himself, I will be married to-morrow—for the mutations of the world are more infinite than the particulars of creation—and the calculation of change is the only unerring one.—Let him not even say, I will be married when the Fates please—for there he is liable to disappoint-

ment, and the caprice of women outmatches the will of the destinies.

Simon had the deffest foot in the village, and the youths looked with envy on the polished calf-skin that cased his mighty leg. An odd glove that Simon had purchased of an itinerant for a bushel of potatoes, with one hand stuck *degagemet* in his bosom had finished the conquest of the hitherto untouched though not unattempted heart of Patty. She gazed with delight upon the latitude of his ruffle—it was the work of her own fair hand—if fair it may be called that emulated the hue of ripest fox-berry. One evening when the ruminating kine had apparently sunk into slumber, and the wearied mastiff snored responsively to the thorough bass of the overlabored Jonathan—when the moon from behind the great cherry-tree was climbing silently from branch to branch—the sensitive poplar scarce twinkled its emerald leaf to indicate the existance of slightest atmospherical motion—the now frequent, now long interrupted circle of the leathern-winged bat, added an air of magical interest to the scene. The old grey cat that whilom purred by the side of Patty, instinctively drew in her tail by her side, and gazed with mute admiration. Patty had walked out and seated herself upon the latticed dwelling of the hen and the goose, and leaning her right elbow upon her knee, and fixed her eye pen-

sively upon the scythe of Simon that lay at her feet—she fancied it Simon in that attitude—her imagination run over the many tender things he had said to her—Her heart was softened—oh what a momemt for Simon to urge his soft tale. It was a moment when the exquisite softnesses of the bosom overpower the coarse and heavier feelings of prudence. Oh Simon, said she, wast thou by—Simon was already at her side—he had heard with rapture the half uttered apostrophe of Patty—he seized and kissed with rapture—the end of her apron string. It was a piece of rustic gallantry allowed only to the highly favored—'twas the first time he had dared so much—He seated himself—endearedly by her side—she placed one hand upon his shoulder, and leaned her hand upon it in all the confidence of unsuspecting innocence. Happy Simon: he placed his arm upon her shoulder—it was the one farthest from him. Oh ye guardian protectors of rural virtue! watch with the careful eye of never slumbering suspicion over the youthful pair—beat away from their softning bosoms the bewitching sympathetic influences of—Simon breathed a sigh—Patty! said he—Simon! said Patty, re-echoing faithfully his sigh—Soft and fairly, gentle friends—suffer not your fancies to get astride the neck of your judgments—You, madam, have already outrun the progress of my tale—and are many steps farther advanced than we

ever thought of leading Patty and Simon—Fie upon inordinate curiosity, what a thing it is—where will it not carry a person—and where will a person not carry it—in very sooth, into his grave.—Among the many ill consequences attendant upon its indulgence is the cutting short of our story at the critical and interesting period to which we have wrought it up—for after such an unreasonable display, we hold it a matter of conscience not to gratify you a whit—the story must descend to posterity in this mutilated state. We would give the best chapter in our first number to be able to finish it—so soft—bewitching—simple, and tender were your loves, oh Simon Crowfoot and Patty Clover! How happily blended the doric with the gentler dorian in your amours! But in vain do we dwell upon them—wipe your eyes, good people, and run over again this story, from beginning to where we are constrained to make an end of it. Did you ever see any thing so perfectly Johnsonian in your lives? Should you not have thought it a number written for the Rambler expressly? or the second part of Rasselas of Abyssinia?

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He who maliciously takes advantage of the unguarded moments of friendship, is no farther from knavery than the latest moment of evening from the first of night.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

—
VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

.....

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

THE Prætor had sentenced to death a woman of good birth, for a capital crime, and had consigned her over to the Triumvir to be killed in prison. The jailor that received her, moved with compassion, did not strangle her, and permitted her daughter to come often to her, though first diligently searched, lest she should convey in any sustenance to her, the jailor expecting that she would die of famine. When therefore several days had passed, wondering within himself what it might be that occasioned her to live so long, he one day set himself to observe her daughter with greater curiosity, and then discovered how, with the milk in her breasts, she allayed the famine of her mother. The news of this strange spectacle of the daughter suckling her mother, was by him carried to the Triumvir, by the Triumvir to the Prætor, from the Prætor it was brought to the judgment of the Consul, who pardoned the woman as to the sentence of death passed upon her; and, to preserve the memory of that fact, where her prison stood they caused an altar to be erected to Piety.

A physician was asked, whether his patient's fever had gone off? I believe so, answered the Doctor, and the man is gone with it.

EXTRAORDINARY DIVER.

Of all the divers that have given any information from the bottom of the ocean, the famous Nicolas Pisce, mentioned by Rincher, is the most celebrated; the veracity of this account is not in all respects to be depended on, though Rincher assures us he had it from the archives of the kings of Sicily. This famous diver, by his great skill in swimming, and perseverance under water, was surnamed the Fish. This man from his infancy had been used to the sea, and gained a livelihood by diving for corals and oysters, which he sold to the villages. From his long acquaintance with the sea, it at last became almost his natural element: he has been known to spend five days amongst the waves without any other provision than what he caught there. He often swam from Sicily to Calabria, a most dangerous passage; and frequently would swim among the gulphs of the Lipari Islands, without the least apprehension of danger.

Some mariners one day observed something at a distance from them in the sea, which they supposed to be a sea-monster: but upon

a nearer view, they found it to be Nicolas, whom they took into their ship. When they questioned him where he was going on so rough a sea, and at such a great distance from the land, he produced a packet of letters, fastened up in a leathern bag, which he was carrying to one of the towns in Italy. After stopping with them some time, and eating a hearty meal, he took his leave, and jumped into the sea, to pursue his voyage.

Nature seemed to have assisted him in a peculiar degree to bear the hardships of the deep; for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed like a goose, and his chest became so very capacious, as to enable him to take in at one respiration as much breath as would last him the day.

The fame of this extraordinary man soon reached the ears of Frederick, king of Sicily, who, excited by a natural curiosity, ordered that he should be brought before him. The king thought this a fair opportunity to gain some certain intelligence concerning the Gulph of Charybdis; he therefore commanded the poor diver to explore the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool, and ordered a golden cup to be flung into it, by way of incitement. Nicolas, conscious of the danger to which he was exposed, ventured to remonstrate; but the hopes of reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the increasing of his own fame, at length pre-

vailed. He immediately jumped into the gulph, and was instantly invisible. The king and his attendants waited with great anxiety for three quarters of an hour on the shore, and at last perceived him buffeting the waves with one hand, and holding the cup in triumph in the other: the cup was immediately made the reward of his bold adventure. He was allowed time to refresh himself, and was then brought again before the king, to relate the wonders he had been witness of. He declared, if he had been apprized of half the dangers he had to encounter, he should never have obeyed the king's command. There are four obstacles, he said, which render the gulph terrible, not only to men, but even to the fish who inhabit it. The first is the great force of water bursting up from the bottom, which requires great strength to resist; secondly, the abruptness of the rocks, threatening destruction on every side; thirdly, the force of the whirlpool, dashing against those rocks; and, fourthly, the quantity and size of the polypus fish, some of which appear as large as men, and stick against the rocks, projecting their fibrous arms to entangle every thing that approaches. He was then asked how he so readily found the cup; he replied, that it had been carried by the waves into the cavity of a rock, against which he himself struck in his descent.—The king wished further information, and prevailed on

this unfortunate man to venture a second time. He went down, but never was since heard of.

During Benedict Arnold's military operations in Virginia, he took an American captain prisoner. After some general conversation with the captain, he asked him, what he thought the Americans would do with him if they caught him? The captain first declined giving him an answer; but upon being repeatedly urged to it, he said, "Why, sir, if I must answer your question, you must excuse my telling you the plain truth. If my countrymen should catch you, I believe they would first cut off that lame leg, which was wounded in the cause of freedom and virtue, and bury it with the honors of war, and afterwards, hang the remainder of your body in gibbets."

The daughter of Themistocles had two lovers, the one a coxcomb, the other an honest man.—The first was rich, the second poor. He took the honest man for his son-in-law. "For I had rather," said he, "have a man that wants wealth, than wealth that wants a man."

It is unwise to punish cowards with ignominy; for if they had regarded that, they would not have

friend of D'Alembert, Themors, and Morellet, who severally extolled her goodness and liberality. Although not remarkable for genius, she had a cultivated mind, and was not deficient in judgment. Some of her maxims and repartees deserve to be remembered, especially these: "We should never suffer grass to grow on the road of friendship."—"Economy is the source of independence and benevolence."—"There are three things which females disregard, time, health, and money." On being told that a certain person was of an artless disposition, she replied, "Beware of him. Is he simple through simplicity?" She was extremely generous; and when she had done a good action, she used to say—*Voilà une journee bien employee!*

How to write letters, so that, if intercepted, the meaning cannot be discovered.

Place two sheets of paper of exact size, one upon the other: cut holes through them both with great nicety, of several sizes; sometimes the size of what you think sufficiently large for two or three words, sometimes more, sometimes less. Prick holes with a pin at each corner, through both sheets, and give one sheet to your friend to whom you wish to write. When you write, lay your cut paper on a plain new sheet, and putting pins through the holes in each

corner, that it may not move, write your mind in the vacancies you have made; then take off your cut paper, and fill up the intermissions with any nonsense you please. When your friend receives this letter, let him lay his cut paper over it, putting pins in the corner holes, that it may exactly fit, and then the nonsense is hidden, and he reads your letter.

Anecdote of Ganganelli.

When Pope Clement XIV. ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the different states waited on him with congratulations; when they were introduced, they bowed, and he returned the compliment, by bowing likewise; the master of the ceremonies told his holiness he should not have returned their salute; "O, I cry you mercy," said the good pontiff, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."

Anecdote of Voltaire.

Voltaire, as he was writing his tragedy of Merope, one day called his footman at three o'clock in the morning, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to the Sieur Paulin, who played the part of the *tyrant* in that play. The servant excusing himself, under a pretence that it was the hour of sleep, "Go, I say," continued Voltaire, "tyrants never sleep."

Queen Maud wife of king Henry I. of England, and daughter of Malcolm, king of Scotland, was so devoutly religious, that she would go to church barefoot, and always exercise herself in works of charity. Matthew Paris relates, that when David, her brother, came out of Scotland to visit her, he found her in her privy-chamber, with a towel about her waist, washing, wiping, and kissing the feet of some poor people, by whom she was surrounded. Disgusted at such excessive zeal, he remarked, "Verily, if the king your husband knew this, you would not be suffered to kiss his lips." When she immediately replied, "whatever respect may be due to royalty, the feet of the King of Heaven ought to be preferred before the lips of any monarch upon earth."

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening, by the rev. Mr. Griffin, General Theodorus Bailey, Post-master of this city, to Mrs. Martha M'Whorter, of Newark.

At Albany, on Monday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Bradford, Mr. George Pearson, merchant, to Miss Judith Van Vechten, eldest daughter of Teunis T. Van Vechten, Esq. all of Albany.

At Baltimore, on the 15th inst. Isaac M'Kimm, Esq. to Miss Ann Hollins.

DIED,

At Bloomingdale, on Monday morning, Miss Rebecca Aphorh, daughter of the late Charles W. Aphorh, Esq.

On Monday morning, Mrs. Rachel Collins, wife of captain Mark Collins.

On Sunday evening, Mr. William King, a native of Leeds, (England) in the 76th year of his age.

At Greenbush, on Tuesday, the 6th inst. after a long and distressing illness, which he bore with a patience and resignation, highly becoming his sacred office, the rev. Timothy Woodbridge, Pastor of a church in Stephentown, aged 64 years.

At Norfolk, Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, wife of capt. Henry Brown.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 41 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

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.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.

Away from social life I'll rush, and
 haunt
 In dens, and caverns deep, the fiends
 Despair
 And Wretchedness: and from their
 rugged breasts,
 Will open rip their hearts—their mis'ry
 weigh—
 To see if their's exceed the pain of mine!

From thence I'll mount the Andes'
 frigid top,
 Where snows perpet'al, crown its tow-
 'ring head;
 Or cut my passage to the Artic pole,
 Thro' walls of ice, to see if aught on
 earth
 Is colder than ELIZA'S heart:—From
 thence
 To Ætna hie, and view its purple flames,
 And lava rolling down its arid sides,
 And then compare my passion with its
 heat;
 Next to Peru, to search its golden mines,
 To see if wealth could ever change my
 heart:
 Or wander in Arabia's desert plains,
 And try if absence could my love effect.
 Oh no!—Much sooner could attraction
 lose
 Its pow'r—Or Time be found in Mor-
 pheus' arms—
 Or man neglect to search for happiness—
 Or Venus' self the God of Love detest—

Or Beauty be disgusted with itself—
 Or Fame her trump, in praise of CHE-
 VIOT crack!!!

For when she speaks, her voice is not
 excell'd
 In sweetness—save by *her* melodious
 harp;
 And when she smiles—now must I
 search in Heav'n
 A parallel—for earth is barren of
 Similitude—But why pourtray a face
 Whose very frowns are smiles to others'
 frowns?
 But yet, whose frowns are death to
 CHEVIOT!

MODERN SONNET

TO AN OLD WIG.

HAIL, thou! who liest so snug in this
 old box,
 With sacred awe I bend before thy
 shrine!
 Oh! 'tis not clos'd with glue, nor nails,
 nor locks,
 And hence the bliss of viewing thee
 is mine.

Like my poor aunt, thou hast seen bet-
 ter days!
 Well curl'd and powder'd, once it was
 thy lot
 To balls frequent, and masquerades, and
 plays,
 And panoramas, and the lord knows
 what!

Alas! what art thou now? a mere old
 mop!
 With which our housemaid, Nan,
 who hates a broom,
 Dusts all the chambers in my little shop,
 Then slyly hides thee in the lumber-
 room.

Such is the fate of *wigs* and *mortals* too,
 After a few more years than thine are
 past,
 The Turk, the Christian, Pagan, and
 the Jew.
 Must all be shut up in a box at last.

Vain *man* ! to talk so loud, and look
so big !
How small's the difference 'twixt thee
and a *wig* !
How small indeed ! for speak the truth,
I must,
Wigs turn to *dusters*, and *man* turns to
dust.

Whatever Thomas Paine deserves for
his other works, he has written several
pieces of poetry, and the following
is one of them, which his worst
enemies must admire.

The reader should be informed, that
Mr. Paine corresponded with a lady,
and fancifully dated his letters from
The Castle in Air, while she addressed
hers from *The Little Corner of the
World*. For reasons which he knew
not, their intercourse was suddenly
suspended, and for some time the poet
believed his fair friend in obscurity
and distress. Many years afterwards,
however, he met her unexpectedly at
Paris, in the most affluent circumstances,
and married to an English
nobleman of distinction.

These exquisite verses are founded on
that occurrence. *Mirror*.

FROM THE CASTLE IN AIR,
TO THE
LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD.

IN the region of clouds, where the
whirlwinds arise,
My castle of fancy was built ;
The turrets reflected the blue of the
skies,
And the windows with sun-beams
were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful
state,
Enamell'd the mansion around,
And the figures that fancy in clouds can
create

Supplied me with gardens and
ground.

I had grottos and fountains, and orange
tree groves,
I had all that enchantment has told ;
I had sweet shady walks for the Gods
and their Loves,
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not, had risen
and roll'd,
While wrapp'd in a slumber I lay ;
And when I look'd out in the morning,
behold !
My castle was carried away.

It pass'd over rivers, and vallies, and
groves,
The world, it was all in my view—
I thought of my friends, of their fates,
of their loves,
And often, full often, of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
That nature in silence had made :
The place was but small—but 'twas
sweetly serene,
And chequer'd with sunshine and
shade.

I gaz'd and I envied with painful good
will,
And grew tir'd of my seat in the air :
When all on a sudden my castle stood
still,
As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark from the sky it came flut-
tering down,
And plac'd me exactly in view—
When who should I meet, in this charm-
ing retreat,
This corner of calmness—but you.

Delighted to find you in honor and ease,
I felt no more sorrow nor pain,
And the wind coming fair, I ascended
the breeze,
And went back with my castle again.